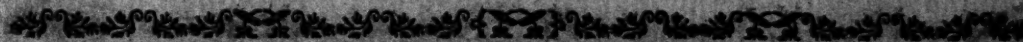




P O E M S
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



[*Price Two Shillings.*]

P O E M S

OF

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

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A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS,
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

CONTAINING

THE POET,
SOLITUDE,
BEAUTY,
HENDON GROVE,

VERSES ON MISS V*****N,
BENEVOLENCE,
and
GRATITUDE.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.

L O N D O N:

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Little Britain.

M, DCC, LXXXI.

COLLECTION

OF THE
P O E M S

ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

CONTAINING

VERSES ON MISS V *****

RENEWED

GRATITUDE

THE POST

SOCIETY

GRATITUDE

HUTTON GROVE

JOSEPH SWAIN

L O M D O N

Printed by T. BARNARD

At the Office of the Author, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the City of London.
The Author's Address is, No. 1, St. James's Place, in the City of London.



1800

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DEDICA-

DEDICATION.

(TO PHILEMON.)

EXCUSE me, Sir, if I do not apologize for this addressing the following sheets to you, without any previous application for your permission; but prompted, as well by the dictates of real Inclination, as true Gratitude, I could not resist the pleasing opportunity of thus publicly acknowledgng, how much I am, let

Your very obliged, and

Most obedient humble Servant,

J. SWAIN.

((iii))

TO THE READER.

(BY MY FRIEND.)

WHAT tho' the Muse, unknowing and untaught,
Grasps at the wreath which decks her fav'rite son*?
Say, shall Oblivion crush the rising thought,
Which sportive Nature in her mirth begun?
Rather, let Candour with a friendly aim,
Peruse the errors of his infant page,
Direct, with gentleness, his hopes to fame,
And Gratitude will ripen with his age.

* R. B. SHERIDAN, Esquire.

Poems on several Occasions.

THE POET.

HARD is his lot, whose soul (by Nature form'd)
For glorious ends ; by noblest passions warm'd ;
With tow'ring genius fit to rank his name
Among the foremost in the lists of fame,
Fast bound in Penury's relentless chain,
Attempts to rise, but still attempts in vain.
Thus, plum'd with conscious worth and strong desire,
By Nature taught to strike the trembling lyre,
Inglorious offspring of some lab'ring hind,
By birth a peasant, but a prince in mind,

2 — POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Th' aspiring Poet grasps at transient fame,
And forfeits peace—to purchase what?—A name.
Eager he soars on Fancy's rapid wings,
And, mounting Pegasus, looks down on kings;
Spurs his swift courser thro' the yielding air,
While to his raptur'd thought new heavens appear;
Thro' hosts of burning orbs undaunted rides,
Along vast realms of streaming brightness glides;
Beholds new wonders still on wonders rise,
And sees the light of Heaven with mortal eyes!
Till (spent with toil, and almost run to death)
Poor Pegasus stops short, and pants for breath.
Lost in the labyrinth of ambient fire,
The Muse, affrighted, drops her trembling lyre.
Down falls the Bard, forbid the bliss to taste,
And in a garret finds himself at last!
What talents should the youthful Bard adorn,
E'en if a prince! but if obscurely born,
How must he struggle in the shades of night,
To break thro' Poverty's dark mists to light!
Then what a task before he gains his end!
A task indeed!—exclaims the Poet's Friend;

Hold

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 3

Hold Sir, the Poet cries, 'tis but to please—
 Whom—all the world at once?—'Tis done with ease,
 Replies the Bard—Zounds! if a man write well,
 Genius, in spite of fate, must bear the belle.
 True Sir, it shou'd, but had a man at will
 The sacred Nine, with all Apollo's skill,
 Something the world wou'd still perceive amiss;
 And too much wit would make the Critics his.
 Thus he persists, and still his Friend persuades—
 Points out what care an Author's peace invades:
 Yet, spight of all, away the Poet flies,
 And, wing'd with Genius, tow'rs above the skies:
 Forgets he's mortal, and must live by bread,
 And writes for bills not due till he is dead.
 But when (though all th' ethereal Nine inspire)
 He finds cold hunger chills poetic fire,
 (That man must eat who is of woman born,
 And Pegasus may starve for want of corn)
 Away he flies in search of wordly store,
 And lifts the knocker of a great man's door:
 The servant cries—His Lordship's not at home—
 To-morrow, Sir;—To-morrow, Sir, I'll come.
 To-morrow

4 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To-morrow comes; at dawn the Poet flies;
 But, quite so soon his Lordship does not rise;
 At night he dines, and cannot then be seen;
 Another time he's troubled with the spleen;
 Till, tir'd his patience, and his pockets drain'd,
 At last the wish'd-for interview is gain'd:
 He bows—His Lordship reads—applauds his spirit,
 And makes a promise to reward his merit.
 Thus (having reach'd the height of his desires)
 The Patron smiles; and so the Bard retires;
 Well stor'd with promises, dismisses care,
 And (like a true camelion) feeds on air;
 His new-born hopes o'ertake e'en swift desire,
 And swell rich fancy with ethereal fire.
 What dazzling visions play before his eyes!
 In his big thought what mighty structures rise!
 Fame sounds her trumpet in his ravish'd ears,
 And cheers his glowing breast from all its fears:
 But when the time's expir'd, the promise due,
 His Lordship's gone to Richmond, or to Kew;
 Or, (as must sure be common with the great)
 Is busy, settling the affairs of state.

Thus,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 5

Thus, to and fro by fickle Fortune tost,
 What can be done, all hopes of greatness lost?
 He takes a garret—his hard fate regrets—
 On credit lives—and writes to pay his debts.
 Little he thinks how soon that credit fails;
 Or, without wealth, how seldom worth avails;
 Till sad experience brings unlook'd-for woes;
 For, while his pen with genial numbers flows;
 Delighted, while he seeks the sylvan meads,
 And lightly o'er the flowery carpet treads,
 Where Nature's vernal stores luxuriant spring,
 Infusing sweets on Zephyr's balmy wing;
 Where chrystal streams in lambent windings flow,
 And swell the flow'rs which on their borders grow;
 Where dulcet Philomel, in latent bow'rs,
 With plaintive notes beguiles the midnight hours;
 When his glad heart beats high with latent fire,
 And ev'ry pulse re-echos to the lyre;
 While, wrapt in bright Imagination's robe,
 He flies unbounded o'er the spacious globe;
 As thro' the clouds he bursts his rapid way,
 To seek the regions of eternal day;

D

Aspiring,

6 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Aspiring, while he breathes among the spheres,
And steals soft music with enraptur'd ears;
Or, list'ning, waits beside some angel's throne,
To cheat the world with numbers not his own;
Some caitiff vile, by creditors made bold,
Whose heart no drops can melt—but drops of gold—
(To placid compliment fans all regard)
From his bright vision wakes the trembling Bard;
Remorseless, plucks him from his airy throne,
To mourn his fate unpity'd, and alone
In a coarse dungeon, on a bed of straw;
And rail against the rigour of the law.
Such is the fortune of the genial youth,
Who dares to sing with justice and with truth;
Doom'd all to poverty—except his name,
Which mounts superior on the wings of Fame!
And for his labours, when he's dead and gone,
The world bestows—a couplet and a stone.

SOLITUDE.

S O L I T U D E.

HA I L, mild Philosophy! sweet balm of grief!
 Thou Silence, and thy sister Solitude;
 Sweet Contemplation! and thou awful Night,
 Light to the Muses—Fancy's soft retreat;
 In lofty strains assist my solemn song!
 Shine forth, bright Luna, from thy silver orb!
 Ye golden lamps your nightly courses roll!
 Inspire me, O my Muse, with eloquence,
 To shew rude Man the sweets of Solitude!
 Hail, sacred shades! thro' whose lone searchless bowers
 (All nature else retir'd to downy rest)
 Sweet Philomel lifts her melodious voice,
 And sings soft music to the wandering stars,
 In high swoln strains, and deep heart-melting falls!
 O could I chant thy praise, sweet bird of night,
 With half such eloquence as thou dost sing

The

8 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The praise of him who gave thy song its birth ;
 Well might I wear the laurel unoppos'd !
 Now (while each orb in brilliant lustre shines,
 And Silence waits the silver Queen of Night)
 Lead me, my soul, to some sequester'd grove,
 Where I may think on Man's inconstant state,
 Purge thee from sin, and fit thee for the stars !
 Hail, happy 'habitants o' th' realms above,
 Where night approaches not eternal day !
 Attend, my soul, her flight, on Fancy's wing,
 To catch celestial strains ;—aspiring thought !
 'Tis Heaven on earth to think the joys of Heaven !
 O wonderful ! that Man, in stubborn pride,
 Should dash such sweets to gorge himself with gall !
 Mistaken Man ! hast thou not reason's aid—
 Next angels wise ! and dost thou still prefer
 This bustling world, ambition's wretched pomp,
 And all its cares, to blissful Solitude ?
 Attend, vain Man, a youthful Swain's advice,
 Nor blush to learn from one who frankly owns
 That all he has is Nature's gift alone,
 By learning or experience yet untill'd.

Art

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 9

Art young, in love with pleasure; wou'dst thou seek
Contentment in her palace?—Hither fly,
Where (crown'd with laurels) Pleasure sits and smiles
On all who seek her in her peaceful shades.
Has all thy life been chequer'd o'er with cares?
Hither retire, and thou shalt find repose.
For who shall taste true lasting happiness,
Till he has first drank deep of sorrow's cup?
Is thine heart swoln with rage; oppress'd with grief?
Sweet Solitude has charms to sooth thy soul;
To purge thy mind from thoughts that wound thy peace,
And kill that reason which should be thy guide.
But let the guilty Murderer beware
He come not near these happy plains of peace;
Each bush he meets shall make him start amaz'd,
And each bright star strike horror to his soul!
Loft, as he wanders thro' the mazy grove,
(Affrighted nature shrinking from his touch)
The warbling birds, whose notes melodious sound
On every bush their great Creator's praise,
To him shall seem harsh as discording fiends,
And Philomel shriek murder in his ears!

10 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Dagger to guilty minds; and balm to those
Whose conscience, free from guilt, affliction feels
For good alone! Unrivall'd in thy song,
Sweet queen of harmony! O lend thy voice
To smooth my hard strain'd verse, and pluck the sting
Of sharp reproach from my too bitter pen!
O lead my wandering muse, soft Philomel,
Back to her theme, and whisper in her ears,
In rapturous sounds, thy sweet melodious lays,
That she may tread along thy flowery paths;
And, taught by thee, exalt her swelling voice,
In flowing numbers, till it reach the stars,
And call sweet echo from the tuneful spheres,
To join her song in praise of Solitude!
O Solitude! thou spring of earthly bliss,
Where honest worth may meet a sure reward,
And, free from scandal, pride and envy, live
Content on earth, till it grows ripe for Heaven!

BEAUTY.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. II

B E A U T Y.

THE lark awakes, and, tir'd of rest,
Prepares to quit his downy nest;
And ere the morn begins to rise,
The lofty songster mounts the skies,
Starts from her standard—gloomy Night,
And bids the Sun display it's light.
Anon the eastern gates unfold,
And bright Aurora, deck'd with gold,
Ascends her chariot, reins the steeds,
And round the world refulgent speeds,
When young Rinaldo, love-sick swain,
Awakes, and trips the verdant plain,

To

12 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

To lovely Sylvia's window hies,
 And softly calls—Sweet maid, arise!
 The well-known voice she quickly heard,
 And at the window soon appear'd.
 A face so fair, and such a mien,
 As poets paint sweet Beauty's Queen!
 No gaudy ribbons, knots or lace,
 Adorn'd her hair, or paint her face;
 Nature thro' ev'ry feature smil'd—
 What Nature gave her, Art had spoil'd!
 No lily fair, nor op'ning rose,
 Such sweets as Sylvia's cheeks disclose!
 Th'enraptur'd swain in silence gaz'd
 Awhile, then thus his Sylvia prais'd:—
 What need two suns at once to shine?
 Sweet lovely maid! that face divine
 Wou'd make bright Day of dismal Night,
 And to the stars return their light!
 Haste, haste, my Sylvia, haste, he cry'd;
 Or, shou'd yon Sun it's glory hide
 Ere thy approach, and fable Night
 Take place of Day, and banish light,

Ope'

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 113

Ope' but the casement once again,
 Display those beauties o'er the plain,
 The birds wou'd sing, the lambs wou'd play,
 And larks wou'd hail returning Day!
 Let clouds look dark, and heavy rain
 Pour down, till it o'erflows the plain,
 Let wind and thunder shake the sky;
 Rinaldo's safe, if Sylvia's by!
 Such beauty sure no danger dare
 Approach, nor hurt one single hair!
 He spoke;—Aurora disappear'd,
 The linnet's song no more was heard;
 Thick clouds o'erspread the face of Day,
 And bleating lambs forsook their play;
 Anon the dreadful thunder roar'd,
 The rough winds blew, the waters pour'd!
 Rinaldo saw, and, touch'd with fear,
 Calls out in haste—My love, my dear!
 O Sylvia, haste and let me in—
 The rain has wet me to the skin.
 Nay, but the Sun shines—cry'd the maid—
 (And from the window shew'd her head)

F

What

14 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

What need two suns at once you know?
 Or, what if stormy winds do blow?
 Let the big thunder shake the sky,
 What need you fear it?—Sylvia's by!
 The birds (good God!) why sure they're mad—
 To find a shelter all are glad;—
 The soaring lark too downward flies,
 And shuns the light of Sylvia's eyes!
 The youth still for admittance press'd,
 And when admitted, thus address'd
 His love—Why Sylvia, cruel maid!
 In all this storm have I then stay'd,
 Because my passion's forc'd to prove,
 Before all things, I prais'd my love?
 Trust me, I'm much inclin'd to chide—
 Do (with a smile) the maid reply'd;
 'Tis true, Rinaldo, to my face,
 Thou hast allotted every grace;
 To Sylvia's person passing kind,
 But not a word of Sylvia's mind!
 The transient beauties of her face,
 An hour, a moment, may erase;

But

But if her mind be worth thy care,
 Eternity shall hold it fair;
 'Tis there lies center'd all our bliss;
 'Tis that makes sweet the melting kiss;
 On that let all thy care be spent,
 'Tis that alone brings sweet content!
 All else are shadows, empty air,
 And are not worth our lightest care:
 The beauty of yon blooming rose,
 Whose blush such fragrant sweets disclose,
 Whose ripe displaying colours shed
 Such grateful odours round its bed;
 When bright Aurora next shall dawn,
 And with fresh glories gild the lawn,
 Shall, with its head all drooping hung,
 Return to dust from whence it sprung!
 So shall that face which thou hast prais'd,
 And next to angels' glory rais'd,
 At Death's approach lie 'rest of bloom,
 A naked skull beneath a tomb!
 So beauty in each station plac'd,
 The cottage maid with blushes grac'd;

And

161 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

And she who revels out the night;
Or in the circle shines most bright;
The modest maid, the common shrewd,
The painted queen, coquet and prude;
The lady chaste, the reigning toast,
Whose beauty is her only boast;
E'en from fair Phillis on the green,
To lady, duchess, princess, queen;
In grass clad graves, or golden urns,
Shall, in their turns, be food for worms!

H E N D O N

HENDON GROVE.

AWAKE, my Muse, and seek the rural plains;
 Tune thy soft reed to sweet melodious strains;
 Swell ev'ry thought with innocence and love,
 To celebrate the Maids of Hendon Grove,
 Where Beauty smiles, with conscious virtue crown'd,
 And calm Contentment sheds rich blessings round;
 There shines sweet Sylvia (Damon's constant care),
 Fair as the rose, and innocent as fair.
 Beauteous as May in all her blooming pride,
 Calm and unruffled as the silver tide,
 There Delia smiles (delight of Strephon's eyes);
 And fair Selina charms, with soft surprise,
 Each eye that sees the beauties of her face,
 And finds her mind enrich'd with purer grace.
 Lo, where, expos'd to Envy's venom'd sting,
 Two orphan flow'rs in native beauty spring:

18 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

No parents' care directs their tender years,
 Their dust, alas! has claim'd their infant tears!
 Fair truth and innocence are all their guard.
 Yet, tho' their lot is low, their fortune hard,
 Serene they smile, contented with their fate;
 Nor look with envy on the rich and great.
 Such is Rosella's, and Belinda's love;
 Such the fair orphan maids of Hendon grove;
 Who all the beauties of the Spring disclose,—
 Each mind a lily, and each face a rose!
 Here let me stop, and shed one gen'rous tear
 For poor Philander.—Fortune, too severe,
 Aim'd a bright glance from fair Rosella's eye;
 Which cost the youth full many a bitter sigh,
 And many a silent tear!—Hard fated swain!
 Doom'd long to love, and not be lov'd again;
 Thy lot the Muse laments; O may'st thou find
 Some other fair one, to thy wishes kind!
 And may Rosella find some noble youth,
 Whose virtue, honor, constancy and truth,
 May fix her heart, forbid her eyes to rove,
 And bind her fast in never-ending love!

Hark!

Hark ! from the grove what sweet melodious lays
 Sound thro' the shades, where wanton Zephyr plays !
 It was Belinda ! Echo it ye hills !—
 Catch it ye birds !—Ye ever-murm'ring rills,
 Repeat the sound ; and bear it in a stream,
 Till the vast ocean echoes with my theme !
 Thus far I sing of beauty, love, and youth—
 Of graceful charms, fair innocence, and truth :
 But when stern Time shall, with unlook'd-for haste,
 Lay the fair buds of short-liv'd beauty waste ;
 When all those flow'rs that bloom on Hendon plain
 Shall droop their heads, and turn to dust again ;
 When Sylvia's graceful blush no more shall rise,
 And bright Selina's face no more surprise ;
 When Delia's eyes shall lose their magic power,
 And sweet Belinda's voice shall charm no more ;
 When fair Rosella's beauty shall decay,
 And age shall change their crisped locks to grey ;
 May no vain wish remain, such charms to save,
 But Virtue triumph over Beauty's grave.

ON MISS V*****N.

THE sweetest flow'r, unseen before its birth,
 Is scarce distinguish'd from the common earth;
 Wrapt in the dust each hidden beauty lies,
 And ev'ry charm is lost to human eyes;
 But when it feels the Sun's refulgent beams,
 And gathers sweets from heav'n-descending streams,
 It's glowing treasures burst th' encircling mould,
 And odours rise from ev'ry op'ning fold.—
 Such was Maria in her infant days,
 Untaught to walk by Reason's purer rays;
 Till smiling Spring dispell'd each childish thought,
 And ev'ry charm to full perfection brought;
 Each rip'ning blush confess'd it's magic pow'r,
 And sweetness sprang from each returning hour!
 Then from her breast, like flow'rs which break the earth,
 Firm-rooted Virtue took it's lasting birth;
 Whence, like rich jewels from the Indian mines,
 It springs unsully'd, and unsully'd shines;
 Still each new day displays some hidden store,
 And still that breast conceals a thousand more!

BENE-

BENEVOLENCE.

AGIN, my gentle Muse, untainted maid,
 I fain wou'd woo thee from the shades of Peace,
 To tune to sweetest eloquence thy lyre,
 And sing Benevolence—unbounded love,—
 With all the joys of Heav'n-born Charity.
 O bring a pencil from an angel's wing,
 Dipp'd in the radiance of celestial truth,
 And, all unfullied as the virgin snow
 From Heav'n descending, on the ether plume
 Of new-born Zephyr, teach thy voice to sing
 Impartial Justice, and unspotted Truth!
 Lend your soft music, ye harmonious-spheres!

Cordelia

H

Bring

32 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Bring from the Heav'n of Heav'ns your choicest songs,
 Ye spotless cherubs, to my Muse's ear,
 And whisper there in sweetest melody
 Your softest numbers, till her soul dissolve
 With pleasing raptures on the grateful theme!
 But what soft language—what rich eloquence—
 What angel's tongue, inspir'd with heav'nly zeal,
 Shall speak the glowing raptures of the soul,
 Whose pleasure springs from others' happiness!
 O what sweet sleep awaits that breast, whose care
 Is, with each rising morn, to look around,
 And seek the cottage where Affliction dwells;—
 To sooth the aching heart, and wipe the tears
 Which down the widow's cheek incessant fall,
 Or start, expressive, in the orphan's eye;—
 To stop the torrent of impetuous grief,
 And whisper comfort to the broken heart!
 But does the earth possess so bright a gem?
 Is there a jewel hid among the dust
 Of so rich value?—Yes, my Muse, there is!
 Cordelia's actions speak a lib'ral mind,
 And claim the tribute to their merit due.

Cordelia!

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 23

Cordelia!—she who, like the hand of Heaven,
 Distributes blessings as she smiles around;—
 Who scatters plenty at the lonely door
 Of humble Poverty, and pours rich balm
 Into the wounds of Sorrow and Distress!
 This witness Hendon, for thou know'st her well:
 Thy choicest flow'rs have long been known to bloom
 And spring, supported by her soft'ring hand;
 Thy fairest daughters have been taught to shed
 The tear of gratitude in early days!
 Youthful, and lovely as the dawn of May,
 Charlotta, early in Affliction's school,
 By sad experience taught to weep the loss
 Of parents dear, long buried in the dust;—
 She, with the partner of her griefs and joys—
 The fair Amanda—helpless and forlorn,
 Long struggled with Misfortune's heavy hand;
 In secret wept, and sigh'd for help in vain;
 Till (like her gracious pattern on the throne)
 The good Cordelia stretch'd her bounteous hand,
 Unseen, and snatch'd 'em from Oppression's rod.
 So from the Heav'ns the gentle rain descends,

And

24 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

And scatters secret blessings as it flows !
 Nor shall Amelia want her share of praise,
 Whose bounty oft hath cheer'd the drooping heart,
 And taught sad Poverty to smile in grief !
 Say, blest Cordelia ! (happy in the love
 Of Man and Heav'n) where, youthful, didst thou learn
 To shun the gilded pomp of envied courts,
 And seek content among the sylvan groves ?
 What guardian angel, watchful of thy peace,
 In sacred love hath taught thee where to find
 The secret springs of happiness on earth ?
 Tell me, O tell me, wonder of thy sex—
 Where Pleasure unconstrain'd delights to rove ?
 Seeks she the cottage, where the humble clown
 Eats his plain meal, and lays him down in peace ?
 Or, mounted on Ambition's lofty wing,
 Aspires she to the dwelling of the great,
 Where Pride and Envy keep their constant court,
 And tainted Scandal roams secure and free ?
 For I have sought her in the sylvan shades ;
 Have sought her where the marble structures rise
 In just proportion, graceful to the eye ;

Where

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 25

Where downy pillows wait her steps to rest,
 And gentle music lulls her to repose;
 Where splendid robes and filken vestures hide
 The canker'd heart of Villany and Lust;
 Where Conscience stalks in midnight terrors round
 The purple curtains of the bed of down,
 And stabs a dagger to the guilty heart
 Of proud Oppression, in the midst of pomp:
 Yet there, amidst dissensions, broils, and strife,
 I found her, center'd in the patriot's breast,
 Where conscious virtue, pleasure and content,
 Smile unexhausted, springing from the bliss
 Of millions, happy in his watchful toil!
 Such is the pleasure that Cordelia feels,
 When sweet reflection steals across her breast,
 And tells her she has made the wretched smile,
 And wip'd away the helpless orphan's tears!
 Such is true Pleasure—such is Charity,
 Parent of Gratitude, and crown of all;
 Such is the source whence sweet contentment flows!
 “ A cedar once sprang fruitful by the side
 “ Of a clear fountain, from whose chrystal stream

26 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

" Supply'd, and shaded round with sturdy oaks,
 " She flourish'd long secure; and by her side
 " Two lovely branches, beautiful and green,
 " Shot forth, and grew the pride of all the groves,
 " Till Death, with terror sudden and severe,
 " Lopp'd those proud oaks which guarded from the winds
 " The blooming plants, and left 'em all expos'd
 " To the keen blasts of ev'ry storm that blew
 " When fair Cordelia, pitying their distress,
 " In her own garden plac'd 'em; where they spring
 " In Plenty's lap, and smile at Fortune's frowns.
 Pursue, bright maid, pursue the glorious race
 Thou hast so early and so young begun!
 Still build thy house of Pleasure on the rock
 Of others' happiness; so shall Content
 Fix her bright standard in thy blest abode,
 And crown thy happy moments as they fly!
 Thrice happy Hendon! once more let me hail
 Thy blissful shades, where bright Cordelia dwells!
 Cordelia!—she whose smiles have fed the poor,
 And rais'd the throne of Virtue from the dust!
 Where, first and fairest of the sylvan maids,

Charlotta

Charlotta smiles, and shames the new-blown rose !
 Where young Philander, whom the Muses love,
 Chants his soft song, and tunes the doric lyre
 But ah ! what means this face of gen'ral woe ?
 Why droop thy lovely virgins, Hendon ?—say,
 What mean these looks of sorrow, that affright
 The dimpled smile from Beauty's blooming cheek ?
 Why starts that tear in bright Charlotta's eye ?
 And why does fair Amanda weep ? O say,
 Why, when I cast my wond'ring eyes around
 Thy plains, unhappy Hendon, do I see
 No eyes but what are swell'd with Sorrow's tears,
 And hear no voice but that of sad Complaint ?
 But ah ! too soon I find the fatal cause—
 Cordelia (so the hand of Fate decrees)
 Must leave awhile thy sad & silent bow'rs,
 To bless some happier people with her smiles.
 Well may ye weep, ye daughters of the shades,
 Since that fair sun which brighten'd all your plains
 Withdraws it's beams, and shines on you no more.
 That happy maid, whose goodness, unconfin'd,
 Shall stretch her fame on Time's extended wings,

And

18 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

And tell her deeds to thousands, yet unborn:
 And may that lib'ral mind, which hath so oft
 Supply'd the wants of thousands, never know
 A wish, but that of everlasting bliss!
 O may each moment of her life to come,
 Still crown'd with happiness, glide swiftly round;
 And brighter years of pleasure, as they roll,
 Fill up their vacancee; till, at Death's approach,
 She takes her flight from this low bed of dust,
 To shine among the purest of the stars.

GRATITUDE

Since that first instant, when I first began
 To breathe, I have been in thy hand,
 And all thy goodness, O my God, I see
 In every blessing that I breathe.
 Thy goodness, O my God, I see
 In every blessing that I breathe.
 Thy goodness, O my God, I see
 In every blessing that I breathe.

G R A T I T U D E.

Too oft, Philemon*, 'tis the Muse's part,
 To speak in language foreign to the heart;
 And tell each orb which on her fortune gleams,
 That all the world is lighted by its beams.
 And sure 'tis much, in all the fire of youth,
 To speak at once with gratitude and truth;
 To praise that bounty we experienc'd first,
 And yet remember mortals are but dust.
 Thus, fearful, while extolling, to offend,
 With too much ecstasy, her noblest friend,
 The Muse delay'd her fav'rite notes to raise,
 And fear'd to flatter where she wish'd to praise.
 But now, convinc'd of all she long'd to sing,
 With truth and gratitude she plumes her wing;
 Inspir'd, enraptur'd, to her theme returns,
 And for the task with double ardor burns.
 When first my infant Muse, with untaught fire,
 From Nature's hand receiv'd the golden lyre;

* The friendly Author of the Lines address'd to the Reader.

30 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Unskill'd, unletter'd in the paths of Fame,
 A wand'ring orphan, left without a name;
 In a wild ocean of misfortunes tost,
 Long were her steps in dark oblivion lost;
 When thou, Philemon, didst (than patron more)
 Stretch out a sail, and waft her to the shore;
 Again, directed by thy gen'rous hand,
 She seeks, enraptur'd, the Parnassian land;
 Again she strikes her swift resounding lyre,
 And wings thro' ether with unbounded fire!
 Clear is the spring whence grateful rapture flows,
 Another's worth or greatness to disclose;
 And yet how little can a grateful line
 Add to content and happiness like thine!
 Thine is bright wisdom's inexhausted store—
 A noble mind, enrich'd with classic lore;
 Thine a fair partner, crown'd with ev'ry grace
 That makes the mind superior to the face;
 Where honor, beauty, wit and love unite,
 To charm the heart, and give the soul delight;
 Where conscious virtue scorns a thought of guile,
 And adds new dignity to ev'ry smile;

Where

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 31

Where sweetness and benevolence impart
 The tender feelings of a gen'rous heart;
 Whose ev'ry hour tells how the last was spent,
 And makes her breast the palace of Content!
 Where Prudence smiles unruffled from the soul,
 And meek-ey'd Patience beautifies the whole:
 Beneath whose care a num'rous offspring rise,
 Like blossoms op'ning to the summer skies;
 From that bright source whence all their beauty flows
 Extracting sweets, fresh beauties to disclose!
 Imbibing virtue, as from thence they rove,
 And blending truth with innocence and love.
 How few, how very few, among the great,
 Like thee, Philemon, can (neglecting state)
 Extract from classic mines the golden lore,
 T'enrich their offspring with immortal store?
 How few, like thy Eudocia, can forego
 The pomp of greatness, and the pride of show,
 With what amends the heart, to charm the sight,
 And seek improvement in each hour's delight?
 Loft is my soul in the delightful theme;
 Yet, swift-wing'd Fancy glides along the stream,

Still

32 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Still big with rapture! O what tongue shall tell
 The sweet delight maternal bosoms feel,
 When the soul pants with ecstasy of bliss,
 To meet the tender smiling infant's kiss!
 When the rich tear of heart-felt rapture flows,
 And ev'ry little breast with instinct glows!
 Sweet as the flow'rs that blossom in the Spring
 Is she* of whom the Muse delights to sing;
 Whose gentle hand awakes the tender lyre,
 And melts the soul with sympathetic fire!
 Such are the blossoms, and the vernal flow'rs,
 That wing with happiness Philemon's hours;
 O may they still increase as time rolls round,
 And each new day with new-born joys be crown'd;
 May Virtue still protect them with her wings,
 And Prudence root out Folly as it springs;
 Still may they ripen, till each bud disclose
 The sweets and beauties of a full-blown rose!
 Still flows my pen, and still the lyre resounds;
 But, while each thought with gratitude rebounds,
 Expression fails—Imagination tires—
 And Fancy trembles, while the Muse inspires.